

Dangerous Enemies

by The Master

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Summary: I've improved it. Hopefully it is better than my very bad first attempt. Borrowed some ideas of Merlyn, forgot to credit her, sorry Merlyn.

1. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> Dangerous Enemies **

Dangerous Enemies

Chapter One

A/N: I revised this chapter to try to make it make more sense.

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Severus Snape sat in the old tavern in Godrics Hollow. The tavern was called the Caoineag. Which was Gaelic for "screaming woman" that was what the Scottish called an Irish Bean Sidhe or Banshee. Severus had visited this place often, he liked the town, he like the history.

Godric Gryffindor had founded this town, and named it in his honour. The town had been founded about ten years before the famous Hogwarts had got together and founded the greatest magical school that time had ever seen.

Severus had always found history fascinating, and if truth be told, he was very good at it. At Hogwarts teachers where required to have at _least_ two teaching skills. Severus' were Potions, History of Magic and Arithmacy. Only recently had he become interested in the Dark Arts, in the protection and prevention especially. He had his reasons, which he would explain to anybody.

He had been surprised the Albus Dumbledore had let him leave the castle to take some time off, especially in the recent events. The

Dark Lord Voldemort was taking over; he had yet tried to take the school. There were rumours that he was scared to, afraid of Dumbledore they said.

Severus had only been teaching a year. He was the new-boy on the staff, he hadn't been made to feel like he was the new-boy, but he still had the feeling they talked about him behind his back. His religious observing of Kosher had caused a bit of chatter, but eventually they had begun to accept his ways. The kitchen staff had even offered to cleanse the meat so it was considered Kosher.

He sat minding his own business, so wrapped in his historical renaissance he didn't see the odd looking man enter the tavern.

This odd looking man was small, scrawny and had rat like features. His sharp, sunken eyes darted around the almost empty tavern, as one searching for something that one had lost. A look of reassurance spread across his pointed face, he headed towards a table near Severus and sat down. Still Severus did not notice the newcomer.

"Do ya wan' a drink?" A tall, burly man with a very thick Yorkshire accent asked him.

"What?" Severus replied as he was brought back from the times of old.

"Do ya wan' a drink? You deaf or summat?"

"Oh, sorry. I didn't hear you. I'll have a Butterbeer thank you."

"Ya wha'?" The man looked at him with a look of confusion. "Speak slow, I can' understand you foreign blokes."

"I'm not foreign, I Welch."

"Same difference innit?" Severus made up his mind not to have an argument with the landlord over this.

"I'll have a Butterbeer please." Severus repeated.

"Ya coulda said that in fir' place." The man replied walking away grumpily.

Severus sighed. Sometimes he hated his accent; it got him into all sorts of trouble. He reached down and opened his battered rucksack; he took out the latest edition of the Daily Prophet and his reading glasses. He began to proceed in reading the latest news on Voldemorts invasion of the Wizarding World.

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THE DARK LORD CONTINUES HIS ASSAULT ON WIZARDS EVERYWHERE

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Our reporter News Justin reports on the latest

No one is safe. It is official. Voldemort has started a purification

operation on the areas of this world that he has so far taken control off.

Voldemort has started with the removal of anyone who is Muggle born or Half Blood. He has also started an attack on the local Jewish population, using the Muggle Adolf Hitler's ideals that the Jews are an impure race. It is apparent that he wants to create a pure master race of wizards and witches. Anyone who is different is sure to be at risk.

The Minister of Magic Augustus Trimble has advised those who are Muggle born, Half Blood and Jewish to leave the magical world for their own safety, or go to places that are known to be safe for the moment.

Most of the news is incomplete, but as this situation of danger and panic increases, I shall continue to report for this newspaper.

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Severus shuddered, he could remember his father telling him about a man named Hitler and how he persecuted his people and tried to eradicate them. Then as he had got older he had found out more and more about Hitler and his rise to power. From what he had, seen and heard so far it sounded like Voldemort was another reincarnation of Hitler. Despite his earlier belief he was no longer safe, he had to get out of England. Or at least back into the Muggle world.

The door to the tavern creaked open again; this time a more unusual man walked in, this man attracted Severus' attention. Despite it being the middle of July, this man was wearing a thick woollen clock pulled right up over his face. Although Severus was used to seeing people dressed like that, they still made him suspicious.

This newcomer didn't look around; he just walked swiftly towards the rat like man. He sat in the chair; Severus was interested to see what went on between these two men, if indeed the second man was male. Severus knew the rat like man, but could not put a name to the face.

"Master." The rat like man had a high squeaky voice.

"Quite you fool!" The other man hissed sharply. This man had a cold, snake like voice. A voice which entwined its way around Severus' heart and filled him with fear. Why the voice did that to him, he didn't know.

"I am sorry."

"Good, I will not tolerate stupidity. What news have you for me?"

"The Potters do not suspect anything, Sirius Black is still insisting that I am more reliable than he is." The man spoke this as if he was in great enjoyment.

"Good, what off Dumbledore?" Why were these people talking about Sirius Black, Dumbledore, and the Potters? There had to be a reasonable explanation, but from what he had heard so far, Severus

was worried.

"He is still hovering round, he is getting in the way, master."

"Do not tell me my job!" The one whom the rat man addressed as 'master' replied harshly. Raising his hand Severus saw him strike the other man. He whimpered in pain.

"I am sorry master." He sobbed. "I didn't mean it."

"That is good. We shall have to deal with Dumbledore after we have dealt with the Potters. You have a plan as to what you shall do to Black?"

"Oh, yes indeed, sir."

"You will take care of it?"

"At the best of my ability."

"Good." Severus was sure the other man smiled, but he couldn't see under the clock. "I predict high things of you Pettigrew." Pettigrew! No wonder Severus recognised the man; he was Peter Pettigrew one of James Potter's precious followers. Wait, why was Pettigrew and another man plotting to kill the Potters?

"I must leave you Pettigrew." The man vanished in a puff of smoke. Who were the people Pettigrew and the other man had mentioned? Sirius Black and Albus Dumbledore. Who wouldâ€|then it struck him, like an arrow piercing his already broken heart. The man that had been with Pettigrew was the Dark one, Lord Voldemort, himself.

Severus gasped involuntary; he had to stop Pettigrew.

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A/N: Better than the first one? Worse? Hope you like my use of Gaelic in the beginning, I can't speak Gaelic (I'm Welch, I speak a variation of Celtic) but thought it was kind off cool. I've rated this PG-13 as the entire series is going to have violence and swearing in it, I am also going to give Voldemort Hitler qualities as I think the two are quite similar.

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2. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> Dangerous Enemies

Dangerous Enemies

Chapter Two

"'Ere ya go." The innkeeper banged the drink down on the table making Severus jump.

"Tâ€|thank you." He stammered. The innkeeper walked gruffly away. Severus made his mind up in a fraction of a second. He stood up and walked towards Pettigrew.

"Hello Pettigrew." Severus said sitting down opposite him.

"Erâ€|hello, Severus." Pettigrew stammered slightly. Severus looked around.

"I know what you're up to."

"You doâ€|I mean you can't!"

"I have ears, Pettigrew. Do you know what kind of shit you are getting into?" Severus could feel the anger rising in his heart.

"I know what I am doing Severus." Pettigrew was too calm for comfort.

"Then if you've got any sense get out now!"

"I don't need you to tell me what to do." Pettigrew spat that comment at Severus.

"Yeah, but I don't need evil to gain respect."

"Piss off!" Pettigrew screamed. "Get it through your head!"

"I'm not going until you realise what fucken shit you've got yourself into!" Severus reached forward and grabbed Pettigrew's collar. "Come with me!"

Severus dragged Pettigrew outside; he dragged him to a wall. On that wall was Voldemort's sign, and a picture of a man on a cross, labelled 'Juden'.

"You see how your master is planning on running things?" Severus shuck Pettigrew.

"Get off me!" Pettigrew lashed out at Severus, catching him off guard. Severus fell with a thud to the floor. "You filthy Jewish Bastard! Pettigrew screamed as he tried to kick the fallen Snape. However, Snape had quick reflexes and was on his feet within seconds of falling.

"You've overstepped the mark!" Snape hit out at Pettigrew he caught him smartly on the chin and Pettigrew staggered back and fell on the pavement. Snape pulled out his wand, stepped over Pettigrew, pointing the wand at his throat. "I will do it." Severus warned, all his hatred and anger was built up like a huge balloon inside him, waiting to burst.

"You wouldn't dare! You're a coward Severus Snape!"

"Listen to me. I'll kill you unless you promise that you will end all this fucken nonsense with Voldemort."

"He's stronger than you." Pettigrew began to laugh. "End my life, I dare you." Severus swung his wand over his shoulder and was about to bring it down whenâ€|

A/N: Ok this is a very short part, I'm not too happy with this part.

I might re-write it. A word about Pettigrew I thought that since he had Voldemort's support that he would be cockier than normal, especially when his life was being threatened. Oh well, I'll probably re-write it.

Thanks to Merlyn for letting, me borrow some of Snape's characterisation. No I am not Merlyn. Notice the writing differences.

3. Default Chapter Title

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Dangerous Enemies

Chapter Three

A/N: Before I start let, me go into a brief explanation. There is a real me, I wrote the Starfleet Academy Fic (and Guilt) I co-wrote this with Merlyn. I have to admit that Merlyn wrote Chapter One just to get me started. I've written the other chapter and this one. I intend to work on my own now.

**

Sirius Black grabbed Snape's arm.

"Get the fuck of me!" Severus shouted trying to get him arm free from Black's vice like grasp. By now, Snape and Pettigrew's struggle had attracted a crowd of people.

"What in gods damn name are you trying to do?" Black pulled Snapes arm right back, Snape cried out in pain. Snape dropped his wand.

"Sending this bastard back to hell!"

"No, Severus, you're the bastard."

"He's working for Voldemort!" The crowd gasped and fell silent. Black went pale and turned to Pettigrew.

"Is this true Peter?" He whispered

"No, I would never betray my kind." Peter replied a small look of triumph flicked in Pettigrew's hateful eyes.

"Looks like Peters not the one lying." The crowd began to become angry.

"I swear I am telling the truth." The crowd began to advance on Severus. _Shit _he thought to himself, he turned to run, but the crowd was closed in around him. He was trapped in the mass of people, each of them angry.

"Looks like you're a Voldemort worker." One of the crowd members spat at him.

"No, and I can prove it." Severus was beginning to panic.

"Prove it." Severus began to recite some prayers in Hebrew; the crowd just laughed at him. "He's working for Voldemort all right, all them Jews are now." Someone kicked Severus and he fell to the ground.

The crowd proceeded to lay into Severus; he was powerless to stop them.

"STOP!" Someone shouted. The crowd stopped kicking and punching Severus and turned to see who had called. Severus looked through the mass of feet and blood to see James Potter, pushing through the crowd towards him. Severus was crying in pain. James reached down and pulled Severus to his feet. He looked at Severus' tear stained and bloody face.

"Come with me." James said to him. Severus pulled out of James' grip.

"No." He replied weakly. "I don't want your sympathy."

"Severus, your hurt."

"I don't care." He was suddenly gripped with an overwhelming pain in his stomach, he cried out and fell back to his knees.

"Severus!" James said in alarm. "Let me help you."

"Get away from me!" Snape shouted, staggering again to his feet. James reached out to take his arm, but Snape turned and limped away as fast as he could. James pursued.

Severus ran down a back ally way, the pain in his body was in intense that he wished that the crowd had killed him before Potter got there. Something hit him in the back he fell forward. He hit the cobbled floor with a great thump.

"Severus!" He heard James shout and quicken his pace. "Severus!" James looked at the arrow in Snape's back. "Don't move, whatever you do don't move." The arrow was in a position near Severus' heart, if he moved, even a fraction of an inch he would surely be killed.

"Don't move, okay." James pulled off his jumper and put it under Snape's head. "HELP!" James shouted. The plea echoed around the ally, but no one seemed to hear it. "Severus, listen to me. If you move that arrow will go into your heart, don't move whilst I get help."

"James." Snape whispered weakly.

"What is it?"

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay, we'll do that later, right now you stay there and don't move." James got up of his knees and ran as fast as he could down the ally.

**

A/N: Kind of a cliff-hanger. Sorry about using strong language at the very beginning. I would do this in one big thing, but I haven't the time to sit down and type it all up in one go. I might do as soon as I finish this.

**

End
file.